# medical missionary

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# The Medical Missionary

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Vol. XXIV No. 1


## THE MEDICAL MISSION SISTERS

### *Who they are:*

The Medical Mission Sisters are a religious community devoted to the care of the sick in the missions. Some of the Sisters are doctors, nurses or pharmacists; others are engaged in secretarial, household and similar duties necessary for medical mission work.

### *Main Activities*

Hospitals, dispensaries, home visiting, leprosaria, training native nurses, training native compounders, maternity and child welfare clinics, establishing native Medical Mission Sisterhoods.

### *Missions*

Africa, India, Indonesia, Pakistan, Southern United States.

### *Houses of the Society*

Motherhouse and Novitiate— 8400 Pine Road, Fox Chase, Philadelphia 11, Pa.

House of Studies—6th & Buchanan Sts., Washington 17, D. C.


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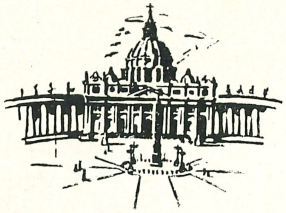
## YOUR WILL . . . .

can help the Medical Mission Sisters bring health and healing to the sick and suffering of mission lands. The following approved form of bequest may be used:

*"I hereby give (devise) and bequeath to the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries (also known as the Medical Mission Sisters), an institution incorporated under the laws of the State of Maryland, and its successors forever the sum of* $ ..... *for its general purposes."*

**If you have already made your will, it is not necessary to make a new one. It is sufficient that a codicil be added, using the above form.**



# The Great Gift

*Sister M. Gerard, M. A.*

*"Almighty and eternal God, with all our soul we thank Thee for the great gift of the Holy Year."*

On the Vigil of Christmas 1949, as a vesper sun lengthened the shadows of the saints who keep watch over the great courtyard fronting St. Peter's Basilica at Rome, our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, was carried aloft in the "Sedia Gestatoria" amid a breath-taking cortege of the leading dignitaries of the Catholic Church to the Holy Door of the Basilica. There he removed his mitre, and taking the "silver hammer" first used by Pope Clement VII in the Jubilee Year of 1525, he tapped three times on the Holy Door which had been walled up since the last great Jubilee Year in 1925, begging God in the words of the psalmist to "Open unto me the Gates of Justice."

As the huge door swung slowly open, His Holiness knelt down, holding a long-handled cross in his right hand, and intoned the Church's glorious hymn of praise, the "Te Deum." As the beautiful crescendo of its triple Sanctus echoed throughout the Basilica, the joyful chorus of all the bells in the Holy City met the gun salutes from St. Angelo to proclaim to the whole world: "It is the Year of Jubilee."

" . . . And their sound has gone forth into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world." In this momentous year of 1950, at the mid-century mark of one of the most decisive eras in history, all Christendom may rightly rejoice to hear the solemn bells from St. Peter's, ringing out their message of peace and reconciliation to all nations, and to feel with Saint Bernard that "Blessed the generation of a time so rich in indulgences, blessed the generation living in the reconciling (with God) and true Jubilee Year." (P. L. CLXXXII, 566) Like the Israelites of old who listened with joy to the blowing of the ram's horn which announced the "Jobel Year," the "great day of propitiation" to the Chosen People, so today the spiritual descendants of Abraham receive the "glad tidings" of a Jubilee Year not only as individual Christians, but with a sense of the solidity and universality of that Mystical Body of Christ which is living to make intercession with the Father for " . . . the appeasement of mankind (and) a spirit of brotherhood . . . " among all the nations of the world.

It is the Church alone who offers up "the sacrifice of justice," the "clean oblation" from "the rising of the sun even to the going down thereof" in order to obtain mercy and peace for all mankind. She is the Rock amid all the "shifting sands" of nationalities and political creeds out of which is hewn God's tabernacle with men and against which the gates of Hell shall not prevail. She is the universal Mother at whose hearthside all men may come to warm their hearts in the blaze of Her charity. She is the Giver of the Great Gift of a "Holy Year."

But it is to the remote "ends of the world," to the far-flung frontiers of the Missionary Church that the rejoicing of the Jubilee Year will be heard with a special thanksgiving. The lone priest cycling his way through the poor villages of China in order to say Mass for his scattered parishioners, or the missionary who brings the Light of the world into some poor

African hut in the Dark Continent will hear in those bells from Rome the outward sign of the authority which has sent him to the four corners of the globe to preach the Gospel. They tell him he is not alone, that he is intimately united to all the members of the Body of Christ, that he is sustained by their sacrifices and prayers, and that nothing at all can ever separate him from their love. His is a universal family whose ties are unseverable for they are nourished by the same Bread, and the same Blood flows in their veins.

The missionary knows all this, but he is anxious that the people among whom he works should likewise be convinced of the world-embracing nature of the religion he preaches; of the infallibility with which he utters his dogmas. Too often the zealous Catholic missionary is looked upon as an isolated preacher of a strange new creed which its hearers are more inclined to favor in proportion to the material prosperity and social prestige such a religion can guarantee rather than by the wealth of its spiritual doctrine. He is often the hidden and despised Christ "Who has nowhere to lay His head," and his humble chapel (if he is fortunate enough to have one) looks shabby indeed in the lands of magnificent mosques and grandiose temples. How frequently the poverty of the Cross is still a "stumbling-block" to the generation wise in their own conceits!

But hear the bells from Rome! See the standard of Christ's victory raised in triumph above the seven hills of the Eternal City, its beams pointing to the four ends of the earth in a gesture of universal love! In this Jubilee Year of 1950 the missionary may proudly point to that "City seated on a mountain" whose light cannot be hid, to the glory of that risen Christ now visibly reigning in the person of His Vicar.

Here is the authority which tells him to "Go and preach to all nations." Here is the Rock upon which his teaching rests and against which the fury of his enemies will destroy itself. Here is the pilgrim city to which all the roads of the world lead. Here is the home of a universal Christendom where Our Holy Father affectionately opens wide his arms not only to his faithful sons to whom the treasures of Rome rightly belong, but also to his prodigal children who are still "afar off," asking in his Holy Year prayer: "enlightenment for all who do not possess the Catholic truth, for all who have lost it, for the enemies of God."

And so the missionary finds in the Jubilee proclamation from Rome a "Great Gift": a strengthening of his faith, a replenishing of his hope, an enkindling of his charity that with ardent love he may bring all his "prodigal children" home to Rome in this Holy Year of "great return and great forgiveness."

**THE GREAT GIFT**

The painting here being displayed, was painted by Angela Trindade for the International Exhibit of Christian Art in Rome to show the work of the Medical Mission Sisters in India.

# Prayer of THE POPE for Holy Year

ALMIGHTY and eternal God, with all our soul we thank thee for the great gift of the Holy Year.

O Heavenly Father, Who sees all, Who reads and rules the hearts of men, render them docile to the voice of Thy Son in this time of grace and great forgiveness.

Grant to those who suffer persecution for the Faith Thy spirit of fortitude to bind them indissolubly to Christ and to His Church.

Protect, O Lord, Thy son's Vicar on earth, the Bishops, priests, Religious, and faithful. Grant that all, priests and laity, young, adults and old, may form, through a firm union of intentions and affections, a solid rock against which the fury of Thy enemies will destroy itself.

May Thy grace enkindle in all men love toward the great numbers of unfortunate people whom poverty and misery has reduced to a condition of life unworthy of human beings.

Awaken in the souls of those who call Thee Father, a hunger and thirst for social justice and fraternal charity, in deed and in truth.

Grant, O Lord, peace to our days, peace to souls, peace to families, peace to our countries, peace between nations. May the rainbow of peace and reconciliation again enfold under its bow of serene light the land which was sanctified by the life and passion of Thy Divine Son.

God of all consolation! Profound is our misery, grave are our faults, numberless our needs, but greater than all is our faith in Thee. Aware of our unworthiness, we filially place our lot in Thy hands, uniting our poor prayers to the intercession and merits of the most glorious Virgin Mary and all the Saints.

Grant to the sick resignation and health, to young men strength of faith, to young women purity, to fathers prosperity and sanctity of the family, to mothers efficacy in their teaching mission, to orphans affectionate protection, to refugees and prisoners a homeland, and to all Thy grace, in preparation for and in pledge of eternal happiness in heaven. Amen!

# POINT 4 PROGRAM

## AND CATHOLIC MISSIONS

*Sr. M. Laetitia*

### *A Bold New Program*

In his inaugural address of a year ago, President Truman stated that the United States should make available American scientific and technical knowledge to the under-developed areas of the world. To use the President's own words this "bold new program" is designed to create . . . "personal freedom and happiness for all mankind."

Secretary of State Acheson puts "Point Four" in a nutshell when he says: " . . . that it is the use of material means for a non-material end." This is the mission method "par excellence."

If peace can be promoted by building up the under-developed areas of the world, the Catholic missionary stands ready and equipped to take a leading part in such a plan.

The program pivots on technical assistance and cooperation. To insure its success the United States intends to utilize both private and governmental agencies.

Missionaries in their areas are the expert technicians in their particular fields. For instance in an effort to stamp out tuberculosis in a country like India, Sister-doctors who have access to the Mohammedan homes would be in the best position to advise practical methods to eradicate the disease among the purdah women. All the technical committees in the world would not be able to approach these homes to study conditions at first hand.

The government of the United States is already keenly interested in mission projects of a "technical assistance" nature as evidenced by the fact that the National Catholic Welfare Council was asked to present to the State Department detailed information on specific undertakings which are concerned with technical assistance in the field of social work.

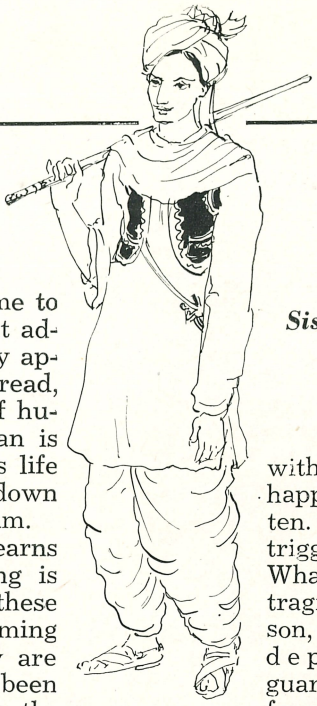
### *Self-Help*

It is interesting to observe that great emphasis is laid on self-help in the "Point Four" program. Self-help has always been an integral part of missionary work, for the missionary knows that his task is not complete until the people among whom he works are in a position to carry on by themselves. In Medical Mission hospitals, the Sisters' first consideration is the opening of schools of nursing, midwifery, pharmacy, and anesthesia, as well as the establishment of a native sisterhood. Native nurses and native sisters guarantee lasting results.

The Medical Missionary is particularly concerned with the proposed health program. Their professional training and experience qualifies them to speak with authority in the fields of malaria control, leprosaria, maternal and child health and infectious diseases of international importance, to name only a few. But that they may give their quota of assistance, missionaries must be alerted when certain schemes concerning their area are under discussion.

In the teaching of skills and technologies the Catholic Church, through its missionaries, plays a prominent role. She need take no inferior position in participating in the "Point Four" Program. She has technicians in every field and a body of experience few can equal.

# MEET THE PEOPLE



## A PATHAN WARRIOR

*by*

***Sister M. Bernadette***

Every time I see a Pathan come to the Dispensary I cannot help but admire their great size and military appearance. In their faces you can read, strength, courage, and a sense of humour. One definition of a Pathan is that he is ready to lay down his life for you—but just as ready to lay down your life, too, if you displease him.

The first thing a Pathan boy learns —along with walking and eating is how to handle his rifle. Some of these rifles are old family treasures coming down from father to son—many are good rifles or guns that had been stolen from the British during the past generations.

There is a story told—I believe it is true—how one of these Pathans became a Christian (a most unusual event). I know the Pathan and he is a very good Christian. In fact he helped the Priest to translate the prayers and instructions into his native language.

"Peter," said the priest one day, "write out an examination of conscience for your countrymen—I want it in this "Preparation for Confession."

"Peter did. Part of it ran like this:

"How many men did you kill before you were twelve years old? How many did you kill the next year? How many the next? How many did you kill altogether? ARE YOU SORRY?"

But this story is about another Pathan who came to the Dispensary one day. He had with him his baby son, about one year old. The child had been in some kind of an accident and his hand was burned. The burn healed but two fingers had grown together with scar tissue—as it happens here very often. His right hand and trigger fingers at that! What could be more tragic! And his only son, too, who must be depended upon to guard his old father from his enemies some day.

Could the doctor do something?

Sister Leonie, M. D. had done some plastic surgery, such as making new noses for women, so I asked her to see the boy!*

Sister Leonie operated on him and the results were very good. Every time the Father brought the child for dressings he was all smiles. Now his son would be able to shoot like any other boy. Doctor shook her head.

"I don't know," she said, "whether it was such a good idea to fix his hand. Now he will shoot his fellowmen when he grows up."

That worried me a bit, too.

One day when the boy was well enough for them to go back to their own village on the Frontier, I quietly took the Pathan aside.

"Tell me," says I, "How many men did you shoot in your life?"

"Well, when I was young maybe ten a week. But since I am old I only shoot one or two occasionally—some special enemies or bad fellows."

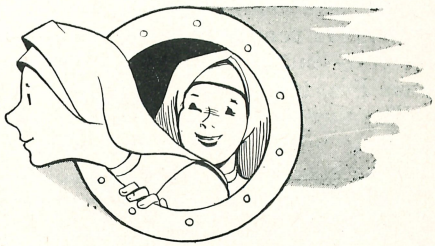
*(*Sometimes a jealous husband will cut off his wife's nose. In one case recently a man had two wives. One of the wives bit off the nose of the second wife. In this case, however, the injured wife died of blood poisoning.)*

That sounded something like Chicago gangsters. But what could I say to a man like that? If we could make them Christians—fine. But they will be about the last people on earth to become Christians. Why? Well, their real homeland, Afghanistan, is closed to missionaries. Second, they are almost 100% illiterate. Third, they are about the most fanatic Muslims on earth—even though they do not know the Muslim religion correctly. They know that they are Muslims and as such will surely go to Paradise—especially if they died fighting an unbeliever.

But there is one way you can reach them—very slowly—and that is by medical work. If a travelling dispensary cannot yet penetrate Afghanistan itself, at least it can patrol the borders and be ready to go in when the time is ripe. In fact—as a travelling dispensary (not as a missionary) we might go in any day—and safely.

But that is for the future.

# OFF TO INDIA



*Sr. M. Thaddeus, R. N.*

We said "Goodbye" to our Sisters about 11:30 Friday morning September 30th. The freighter S. S. Steel Recorder was to leave the pier at 5:00 P.M., but actually it was after 7:00 when we lifted anchor; even then, we only went out into the bay a mile or two and the engines were quiet again. The crew scurried about the deck and into the holds. I didn't know what they were doing, but I confided to Sister M. Colette that I suspected that they were "battening down the hatches," and she looked properly impressed.

For a while we stood at the rail watching the skyline of old New York and looking at the Statue of Liberty. It was 1 A.M. Saturday morning before the whistle blew — ship bells clanged, and the Captain cried, "Full speed ahead," and we were off to India.

**Saturday, October 1**

Our first day out—very smooth. In the dining salon we met our table companions for the trip—Father Raymond T. Raphael, S. J., who is returning to Bombay where he has been Professor of physics in Xavier University for the past 14 years; and a Mr. Checker an Indian merchant who deals in oriental rugs and is returning from a business trip in U. S. A. to his home in Kashmir.

There are 11 passengers altogether —we four and a party of four Protestant missionaries; all are headed for a mission in the "Poona district." Then there is an elderly couple who have lived in India for 30 years, returning to their home in Calcutta. To complete the list is a lady whose husband is employed in Bombay.

**Sunday, October 2**

Father celebrated Mass this morning in the Salon. Several of the crew were there. We were given custody of the Mass Kit. I guess that makes us sea-going Sacristans! The waves are a bit high this evening.

**Monday, October 3**

Too rough for Mass. We tried to say our office according to the rubrics, but it is impossible. Imagine Sister M. Colette saying, "Incline unto my aid, O God," as she is pitched headlong into the bunk and myself beseeching, "O Lord make haste to help me" as I fly across the room! We decided that

it would be more sensible for us to sit while saying the Hours. Even in that position we were none too secure —"Precious in the sight of the Lord" said Sister Colette from her perch— "Is the death of His saints," came from the depth of my chair as it slid sideways across the cabin and banged yours truly against a locker. When we aren't picking up ourselves, we pick up the furniture.

**Tuesday, October 4**

We received a note today saying Sister Costello and Sister Fricker are to go to life boat No. 1 whenever there is a fire drill. Also Sister Costello and Sister Fricker will please appear in their "water jackets."

**Thursday, October 6**

Guess we might as well stop dreaming of a great calm. It has been positively wild in the dining salon these past five days—oranges flying around, chairs tipping over, dishes clattering to the floor. We have to eat rather fast, because if we don't eat the food we will soon be wearing it!!! One of the passengers was complaining about not being able to sleep, etc., etc. Father Raphael stopped him with the following mild observation, "My friend we are all in the same boat!"

**Friday, October 7**

Feast of the Most Holy Rosary— Mass for the first time since Sunday. The ocean is wonderfully calm and more blue today than I have ever seen it. The sunsets have been indescribably beautiful. Methinks that the ocean and the desert have a great deal in common—although I do believe the stars lean down a bit closer to the sand. (Editor's note: Sister M. Thaddeus is from Arizona.) We leave the Atlantic tomorrow.

**Monday, October 10**

About 1:30 this morning we sighted the shoreline of Spain. Shortly thereafter we sailed through the strait of Gibraltar. Thanks to the Prudential Life Insurance Co., the "Rock" looked like an old friend. There were many lights over the surface of it and the many neons twinkling at us from Spanish Morocco, on the opposite coast made Africa seem like anything but a dark continent. The sea is not so-o-o smooth.

**Saturday, October 15**

At 9:30 A.M. we entered the harbor of Beirut, our first port of call. Beirut is what in "our day" used to be called Persia; at present this portion is known as the Republic of Lebanon. You can see the cedars of Lebanus all along the slopes and tops of surrounding mountains and even in the city among the houses and streets.

After lunch we went ashore in a motor boat. Father Raphael invited us to see St. Joseph's University run by the French Jesuits. While we waited for the taxi we watched the activity in a Persian Market Place.

The drive through the narrow winding streets was a wild one—with our driver tooting the horn all the way and poking his head out of the window, now and then yelling what we supposed was the Lebanese version of "Do you want the whole road?" Taxi drivers are apparently the same the world over. We will write from other ports later.

## MAY THEY REST IN PEACE

**Rt. Rev. James J. Kalicherry, D.D., Malabar, India**
**Most Rev. William A. Griffin, D.D., Trenton, New Jersey**
**Rev. Henry V. Hall, Brooklyn, New York**
**Rev. Joseph Lucas, S.J., Philippine Islands**
**Rev. T. B. Martin, Roanoke, Va.**
**Sister M. Audreysia, Henderson, Kentucky**
**Sister M. Consuelo, C.S.C., Iowa City, Iowa**
**Sister Mary Cornelia, Cleveland, Ohio**
**Sister Josepha Farren, S.S.J., Baden, Penna.**
**Sister Gertrude, O.S.F., Reading, Penna.**
**Sister M. Stephen Hasson, S.S.J., Baden, Penna.**
**Sster Mary of the Incarnation, Norristown, Pa.**
**Sister Mary Rosalie Quinn, Hatford, Conn.**
**Sister Mary Alban Jacques Verdon, Hartford, Connecticut**
**Mr. Edward Gangloff, Buffalo, New York**
**Mr. John J. Hinnegan, Rockledge, Penna.**
(Father of Sister Teresita, S.C.M.M.)
**Mrs. Catherine Agatha Reid, Detroit, Michigan**
**Mr. E. M. Walter, Philadelphia, Penna.**
**Mrs. Matthias Zimmerman, Fort Laramie, Ohio**
(Mother of Sister Matthias, S.C.M.M.)

# From Rome to Rawalp

*Mother Dengel, M. D.*

I arrived safe and sound in Karachi after 14 hours actual flight from Rome. We only stopped once — in Damascus. We flew over desert for hours, arriving in Karachi in the middle of the night.

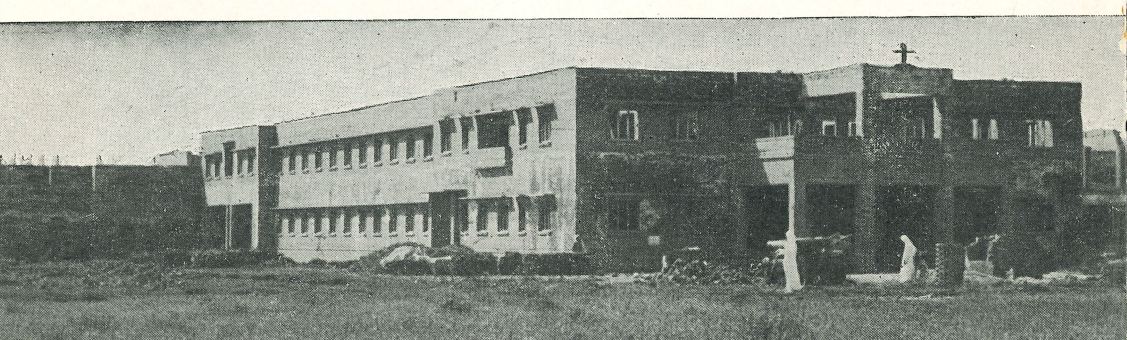
The passengers who were booked for Calcutta and onward, went to a hotel. I took a little bus for Indian travellers. It was already crowded—but in true Indian fashion—they did not object to my sandwiching myself in beside them. I sat beside an Indian family — father, mother and three small children. They looked poor, and what was so pathetic, they did not know where to go for the night. The driver understood their beating around the bush and simply deposited them in an Indian guest house. I hope that they got a charpoy (string bed). Anyhow, they had at least a piece of ground on which to lay weary heads.

When I arrived about 3 A.M., Sr. M. Regina opened the door. She was very surprised as they did not expect me until the next day. In the morning I also saw the Sisters and the hospital building. The little hospital is very nice—but not laid out for a hospital and much too small. They have to refuse patients all the time. Also, the babies' sweet yells are heard all over the place. Fortunately, the Indians do not mind it so much. The chapel is very small. The Sisters' quarters are a short distance from the house—very convenient and airy. The main problem that looms for us in Karachi is the need of a real hospital. The city has now over a million inhabitants and is just swarming with people. Housing and institutions, including hospitals, are very inadequate.

### *"Slaughter House" Area*

The day before I left Sr. M. Dolores took me to Rev. Father Mercedo, one of the Franciscan Fathers, who is in charge of the people in the so-called "slaughter house" area. It is a slum in the truest sense of the word—covered with acres of huts, some solid, many makeshift, and between practically all of them, run rivulets of open drains. The smell is such that even some of the women who live there and ought to be accustomed held the sari in front of their noses. The inhabitants are mostly sweepers. Father told us that they earn fairly good money—that is, if several members of the family have a job; but being sweepers they belong to this area. During the morning when we were there, we did not see many grown men and not even many women—they were all over the city sweeping away. They are taken to and fro by the cartload. As a matter of fact, I had seen a cartload of them, all women, the day before, dressed in the gayest colors, making a colorful picture.

The little Catholic Church is quite simple and nice. A Catholic woman sat on a charpoy close by. She was wailing without ceasing. Her child



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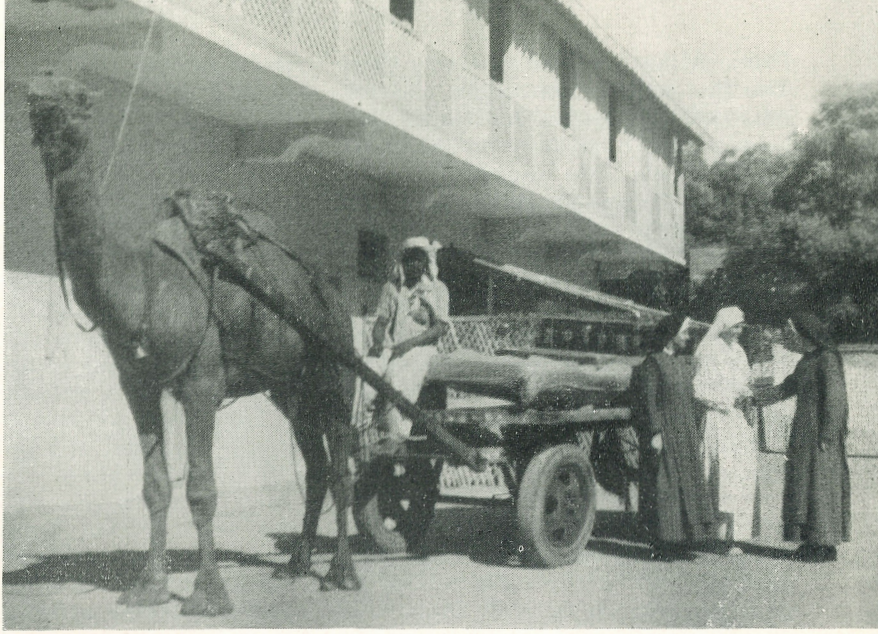

ival at Holy Family spital, Karachi — the esert City"—Land of nels.

had fallen into an open well just a day before. I talked to her but she was in a daze. She just wailed and wailed.

Father took us to an upstairs of two homes to give us an idea of the extent of the slum areas. They reach far out into the desert in several directions. What a paradise for Medical Mission workers! It would require people of the stamp of Father Damien. At present, Father Mercedo is alone —he has no one to help him. It takes courage to stand even the apparent hopelessness! Even a little dispensary could brighten the spot—but, as I said, it would take heroic souls—with a good stomach. Some houses are very near the slaughter house—they are the worst off.

In the evening we went to see the Karachi fair. Not many worthwhile typically Oriental things were shown. More modern electrical and other equipment. Quite a few purdah ladies walked around in the new fashioned cloaks—brown, black, blue, pink, etc. Karachi is a city of great contrasts. Parts of it are very beautiful with fine buildings and magnificent roads. Some sidewalks are covered with refugee huts at present—and there are the acres and acres of sweepers' quarters as mentioned. It is a grand field for our work.

From Karachi I reached Pindi in five hours by plane. We should have left at 8 P.M. but Field Marshal Slim was traveling that day. So, of course, the flights had to be arranged to suit his schedule. Instead of arriving at 1:00 P.M. I got to Pindi at 5:30 P.M. All the sisters except Sr. M. John, who kept house with the Indian nurses, came to meet me. It was grand to see so many of our Sisters at once.

The Field Marshal's plane — really

**"This hospital is destined to be the greatest means of making the Name of Jesus shine through all of Pakistan." (Bishop Nicholas Hettinga of Rawalpindi)**

Prime Minister Atlee's — was there. The Sisters saw him alight and witnessed the reception. As it must have been rather a mystery to the party, why a whole little brigade of our sisters was there—Sr. Alma Julia was called over to meet the Field Marshal and explain. The sisters were also invited to see the interior of the plane. This passed the time—till our little PAK AIR came in. The Presentation Nuns had kindly lent their school bus which took us to Holy Family Hospital. There the Malabar Sisters and Indian nurses bedecked me with customary garlands.

### *The New Hospital*

The next morning Sr. Alma Julia took me out in the tonga to see the new hospital. It is well built, in a pleasing and practical way. *And it is large.* About 1/3 is finished—except for the plumbing and the electric fixtures. They have been delayed for months. In other parts the terrazza floor is not laid yet because the crushed stone was not available and so on. The doors and windows are all made—but the handles have not arrived. So much has to be imported because Pakistan still manufactures little, and India, is, so to say, closed for import at present. It will take a few months still before the actual opening of the hospital. Ever since the building has taken a substantial shape, the government has shown interest and confidence and has even given us a grant. Most of the other help, as you know, our good friends in America have contributed. We have to beg so long and so often, but the begging and giving will be amply rewarded, I am sure, for the new Holy Family Hospital answers a great need and must and will do much good in this part of the world.

I would have liked to see some of the refugee camps which our Sisters visit, but as my stay here is short also, I did not have a chance to do so. The old hospital is full to the brim with all kinds of patients.

Last night we had a capping ceremony—the first and only time in my life I had the honor of presenting the caps. It was a real joy to me to cap the seven young hopefuls. Pakistan has very few nurses—one can say hardly any. The training of them is a very important part of our work. The student nurses presented a biblical scene—the woman at the well—and a funny skit about a girl who pretended to be sick in order not to have to go to school. The interesting part of the program was an Indian dance by one of the nurses who can really do it well. Sister M. Clare had the program all well prepared and arranged—it was a joy to see the possibilities and the progress. Well, I could go on and on and tell you about Pindi, especially the new Hospital, but I am leaving already on the 20th for Patna.

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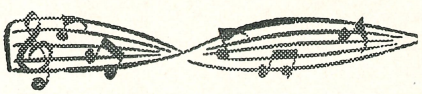
*East and West are but alternate beats of the same heart.*

RABINDRANATH TAGORE



***Sailing***

***Sailing . . .***

**Sister M. Christopher and Sister M. Juliana who sailed for India on the freighter, S.S. Steel Chemist, December 23.**

# Christianity In Japan

A Catholic who gauges the vigor of the Church's life in a country by the number of baptized would find little solace in a statistical study of Japan. With less than 150,000 numbered in her ranks, the Church in Japan is numerically hardly more significant than Moslemism in the United States. The division of Japan into "Catholic" and "non-Catholic" reveals that about every 615th Japanese falls into the first category. One out of every 615!

Happily, the Holy Spirit and His Bride, the Church, are not cowed by statistics. It is probably safe to say that no group of its size in Japan is as alive and vigorous as the Catholics.

Perhaps the most stirring witness to the vigor of the Church was the pilgrimage in honor of the fourth centenary of the arrival of St. Francis Xavier in Japan. Though the 50-odd pilgrims from foreign countries was far less than had been hoped for, the pilgrimage brought the supra-national character of the Church into the backyard of the Japanese. The arm of St. Francis, one of the most precious relics of the Society of Jesus, was carried from the southern tip of Japan to the extremities of the cold northern island. Everywhere people by the thousands flocked to see this wonder. How many were touched by grace through the Saint's intercession only the recording angel knows.

The publicity given to the pilgrimage, to St. Francis, to the Catholic Church struck many an old-timer as being entirely out of proportion to the size of the pilgrimage. The million-circulation dailies of the metropolises ran story after story about the pilgrimage, the pilgrims, the arm of the saint, his life and works. Cities which he had passed through 400 years ago vied with one another in dedicating parks to his name, unveiling statues and paintings of him, publishing special brochures, historical studies, and even textbooks. Perhaps nothing could more effectively wipe out the slurs and smears of Xavier and the coming of Christianity to Japan that formerly dotted the pages of all the history texts. Public opinion, that idol before whom every nation burns incense, can no longer deride Christianity, for its father, the press and radio, has thundered his verdict of toleration, if not of approval.

Such a pilgrimage can happen but once every hundred years. This one

came at a providential time for the Church in Japan, for it has helped to weaken one of the rockiest barriers, —the silent scorn of the Japanese for the "import" from the West.

Before the Church can expand in any country, it must be established and come to be known. The Church in Japan is still in process of being established. Churches, schools, hospitals, orphanages, and social centers, built or rebuilt after the war, are now beginning to make Catholicism something of a living issue in the life of metropolis, town, and hamlet. *The Catholic Digest,* riding along on a monthly circulation of 150,000, is bringing something of a Catholic philosophy of life into the homes of literally millions. The stiffness of the Church against Communism has awakened the Japanese, especially the students and middle-class, to the fact that the natural and human goodness of the Sino-Japanese civilization is protected, not supplanted, by the teachings of Christ. The Church and her activities are becoming ever more prominent in the public eye. People are beginning to ask that most vital of all questions, "What think ye of Christ?"

The Church is in the world of Japan, but it is not of it. Nothing could better point up that fact than the strong Catholic opposition to the recently started government-supported birth control campaign. No other group in Japan, to the writer's knowledge, except perhaps the Communists, has denounced the snowballing drive to popularize contraceptives. Contraceptive birth control, now being elevated into a national virtue by public and private propaganda organs alike, is met by the firm, "Thou shalt not" of the Church. In turn, the Church is labeled as being "outdated," "unreasonable," "over-severe."

The population pressure is, indeed, inhuman, and the Church's alternatives to contraceptive birth-control, heavier industrialization and large-scale immigration, sound hopelessly unrealistic in the face of the refusal of "white nations" to carry into practice the demands of the "human brotherhood" they preach. Nonetheless, the Church's stand will help to stiffen the morale of hundreds of thousands of perplexed Japanese, who instinctively feel that there is something evil in the use of contraceptives.

The Church in Japan is still in seed-time. The sowers are priests and religious from foreign lands. The harvest-time will come when native priests by the hundreds and thousands can step into the shoes of the foreigners. The training of the diocesan clergy, entrusted to the Sulpicians and Jesuits, is therefore a work of supreme importance today, a work unpublicized, non-sensational.

O Spirit of Light and Love, speed the day of your pentecostal coming to Japan, land of beauty, land big with hopes!

John Blewett, S. J.

Note: The writer, a Jesuit student for the priesthood, is now engaged in youth work and teaching at Sophia University in central Tokyo.

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***FEBRUARY MISSION INTENTION***

***Christianity in Japan***

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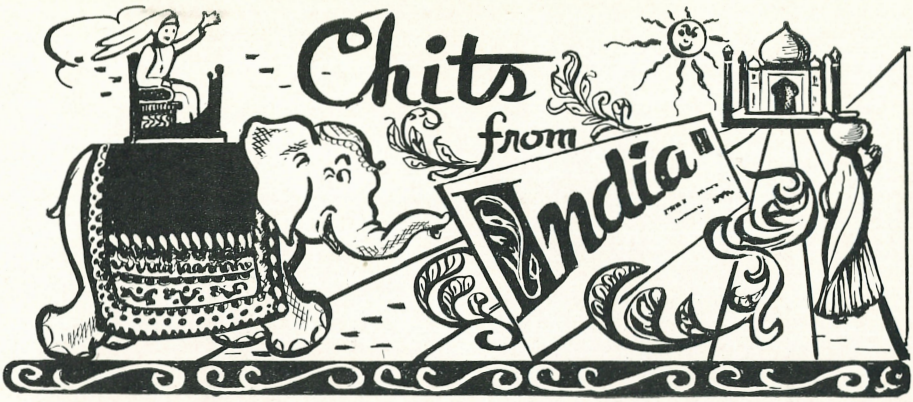



### Mandar's Kitchen Garden

It seems unbelievable that you have not heard that we moved into our convent in March. It will be another few months before it is finished for we cut down the workers to keep wages within a weekly budget what we could pay weekly.

I wish you could see the place. The grounds are beautiful and the vegetable garden is flourishing. We have banana trees (some of which will bear in January or February if they get enough fertilizer.) 20 pear trees, 30 peach trees, 10 guavas, papayas, red chillies, pineapples. The squash is good but the present batch of beans got too much rain. We will plant more later. Sr. Ignatius Marie

### Seeing is Believing

We have one baby, a year and a half old. Kawa has been with us almost since birth when his mother died; he is the oldest and I might mention the blackest of five such babies whom we have. They were all safely tucked under the mosquito nets—five cots all in a row when baby in bed number four began to cry.

Kawa, four beds away began an excursion from bed to bed under the nets until he reached the crying "walla." Here he paused disconcerted—looked at bed number five where a new born baby was quietly enjoying his evening bottle, took the bottle and put it into the mouth of the crying baby, made his way back to his own bed and to sleep. All this while a nurse stood by watching.

Sister M. Barbara, M. D.

### What Next?

Last week we lent a hand to the good old U. S. A. At the request of His Excellency, Bishop Hettinga, six of us from Holy Family Hospital provided the music for the wedding of an American Colonel and his bride at the Rawalpindi Cathedral. The Colonel was a member of a U. N. Committee to Pakistan after its formation as a new national state. His bride, an American girl, flew from New York for the wedding.

Of the six Medical Missionaries present, five of us sang, and one—Sr. M. Clare—played and pumped the organ. Sr. Clare confessed afterwards that she had never expected to find herself playing the "Wedding March" in an Indian Cathedral. Most of the guests present were military men — American, English, French and turbanned Pakistani. Sr. M. George, R.N.

### Bread of the Strong

One Sunday after Mass, a Hindu woman holding a small baby approached Sister M. David. She said something that sounded like "ana." Would she repeat it? She did, and this time it sounded like "Khana," (food). Then Sister understood. The Hindu mother had asked her if she would give some of the Food we had received that morning at Mass to her baby, to make him strong . . .

Sr. M. Marcella, M. D.

**Doctor and patient**

### Rainbow on the Horizon

We are in the middle of the monsoon, and the place is all but swimming away. Some of the wards leak so badly that all the beds have to be moved around continually. They were built in wartime, and the roof is only tiles and straw which the crows pick at and turn upside down constantly in their search for bugs! The poor patients have a lot of trouble, but rarely complain. Their own houses usually aren't any better, so they are used to it . . . Drying the clothes is a dreadful nuisance, for sometimes it rains for days on end. Every private room that isn't in use is filled with wet sheets—fans going full blast and even a little coal stove heating the air. Well, this rainy weather won't last forever—nor will the roof! Some day, we'll have a large new HOLY FAMILY HOSPITAL in Patna!

Sr. M. Elise, M. D.

### Two Princes: Prince of Church and Prince of State

On December the thirteenth, an unusual event took place at Gimbel's department Store in Philadelphia. Two Princes—His Eminence Cardinal Dougherty, Archbishop of Philadelphia, and Rajah T. S. Pradyumna Sinhji, vice consul of India—met to open an exhibit of the paintings of a great Catholic artist, Miss Angel Trindade of Bombay.

His Eminence introduced Miss Trindade to the public gathered in the "Little Gallery" as "an old Indian Christian in spite of her vivacious youth." Her great-great-great-great Grandfather was converted to Christianity by Saint Francis Xavier four hundred years ago. The miracles wrought by this remarkable Saint of India who brought so many into the Church continues down to our day.

The noble Hindu Indian, Rajah T. S. Pradyumna Sinhji, was present to honor his talented countrywoman. His secretary had suggested that his name was too long for Americans, so the witty, good-natured Rajah obligingly abbreviated it to "Mr. Sinhji," which he calls his "American name."

In his introduction the Rajah stressed the fact that many Hindu painters had interpreted their religion through the medium of art. He pointed out that Angela Trindade's presentation of Christianity is not merely the work of a talented artist— it is an expression in form, color, and spiritual quality of her own deeply religious and artistic nature.

Some of the Medical Mission Sisters, who are sponsoring the exhibits of Miss Trindade's pictures in the United States, were present at the opening. When called upon to speak, Sister M. Laetitia said that one hears so much about the poverty of India and the terrible diseases there, that it was a pleasure to have those present see the cultural side of Hindustan represented by Angela Trindade's beautiful pictures.

# TWI (Twee) TALK

One of the first Sundays of the New Year was Harvest for Berekum Catholics. The custom here is that the Christians make their principal contribution towards the support of the Church after they have sold their crops, especially the cocoa. They have an auction, and aside from fulfilling a duty, they have great fun.

Each family makes a contribution in kind, bringing baskets of yams, plantains, eggs, etc. All the congregation gathers before the chief's palace in a semi-circle around the gifts which are piled on the ground. Then the bidding begins, as one man dances around with the offered article balanced on his head, and the auctioneer calls the bids. When the highest bid is reached, a bell is rung and the bid is closed. This keeps on until the last article goes.

One of the things offered for sale is a lump of red clay. As it lay on the ground next to some yams, we wondered what it could possibly be? There was much bidding for it; and it went to the chief. We learned later that the clay represents the earth, the fertility of the village, and according to custom, must be bought by the chief.

### At Least Ten!

One of the night patients recently was a young man from a nearby village. A whole lorry full of relatives came along with him and everyone tried to be helpful in explaining just how long he had been sick, where it pained, etc. Sr. M. Paula made out a dispensary ticket for him, asking his name, village, and occupation. Then the fatal mistake: she asked his age. Consternation; they had no idea how old he was. Sister told them not to worry; she estimated 20 years of age. But they were worried; maybe it *did* make a difference. The men folk went off to the far end of the verandah and went into a huddle. After much discussion, they came back and triumphantly announced that the patient was ten years old! Sister thanked them; yes, indeed he was all of ten years old.

### Solicitude

Probably some day we will get used to the sight of the women returning from farm carrying heavy loads of firewood, yams, fruit, etc. Some as much as 70 - 100 lbs. and babies on their backs, while the men walk ahead. If the man is very gallant he will carry the cutlass.

However, the men *are* solicitous for their wives and often accompany them to the dispensary when they are sick. Recently a man brought his wife, Adwoa, (Ahjoah) to us, from a distant village. Her leg was so badly ulcerated she could walk only with the aid of a stick, and then with great difficulty.

They came in one afternoon, and when Sister went over she found them ensconsed on the veranda with their bundles. They were prepared to stay in town with friends until mame was cured. A six months old baby played in the midst of all the belongings.

Sister Paula washed and dressed mame's leg and gave her medicine for the pain. After a little rest she felt much better. Yes, they would be off now. Kojo brought his wife her walking stick and she took a few painful hobbles about the veranda. Yes, she thought she could make it.

Kojo helped her tie the baby on her back while Sister watched dubiously; even though it was only a small baby, any additional weight on her was a strain. They were ready to go. Kojo carefully piled together the household belongings. First one bundle of cloths, the roll of sleeping mats

slung through the knots, on top of that the yams and bottle in the cooking pot, then another bundle of clothes, with a bunch of bananas draped over the top like the plume on milady's hat. This towering pile Kojo lifted up —and placed it on Adwoa's head, solicitously shifting it until the balance was adjusted. Then he started down the road, carrying the lantern. Mame with the household furnishings balanced on her

head, and baby on her back, followed.

When Sister registered disapproval and told the husband what she thought about the situation, the wife was even more surprised than he, and a little amused. No, he had never heard of chivalry, but good-naturedly at Sister's suggestion took the heavy load. Adwoa probably got it back as soon as they made the turn in the road.

# Halfway to Freedom — A Book Review

**HALFWAY TO FREEDOM—A Report on the New India in the Words and Photographs of Margaret Bourke-White.** Simon & Schuster, New York (1949—245 ppgs. $3.50)

*"Halfway to Freedom"* is a news reporter's coverage of India and Pakistan. It is a report of what the author saw and heard as she traveled through India at a time when Providence permitted some of the most dramatic events in the history of the country to occur. The Great Migration following the partition of India into separate Moslem and Hindu States; Gandhi's last fast; famine in South India; the struggle for the Kashmir; and finally, Gandhi's assassination and his funeral procession which "grew and grew until it was a mighty river, miles long and a mile wide"—are but a few of the events related.

The author succeeds in giving the reader a clear picture plus an understanding of this fascinating subcontinent and its people. This accomplishment is greatly aided by brief references to the early history, to the caste system, to customs, to the religious and civil laws of India.

As a reporter for Life magazine, Miss Bourke-White had the added assignment of photographing the Nations of India and Pakistan as they rose "from the debris of an outworn order to begin to take their place among the leading nations of the world. The pictures—115 of them with detailed captions—were taken by the author. Each one of them tells a story. Miss Bourke-White's simple and clear style holds one's attention and provides an interest which is in no way dependent on the excellent pictures in the book.

You will like this book about India, because Miss Bourke-White brings out very clearly that despite great economic and other handicaps a young, fresh and quickened spirit has arisen among the people of the new Free India.

Sister M. James

*Nothing proves that one is a faithful lover of Christ like a tender care for one's brothers and a deep solicitude for their salvation.*

St. John Chrysostom

# A Note from London

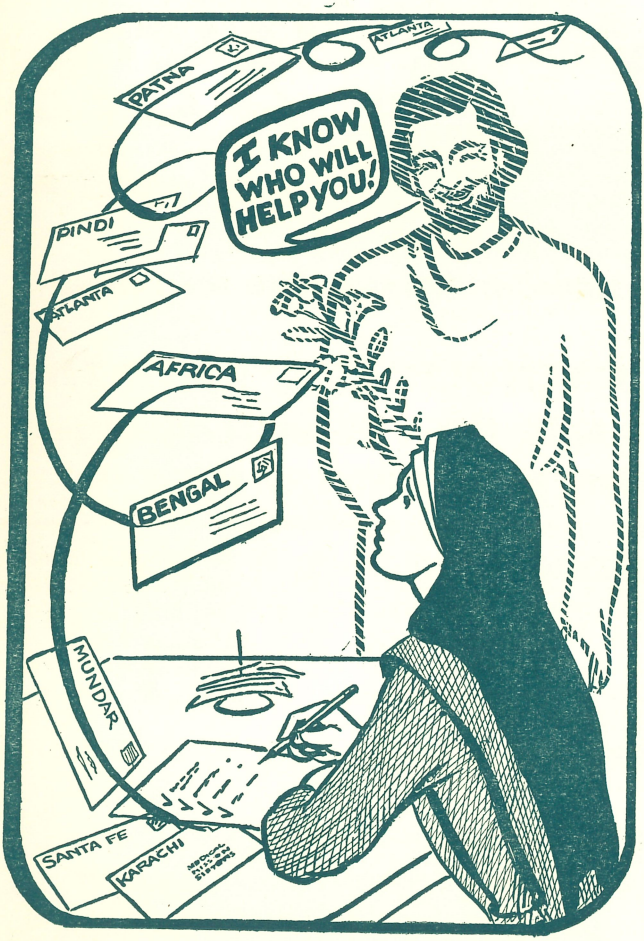
Last evening Sr. Damien and I returned from the vocational exhibit held in Blackburn. The exhibit was sponsored by Father Forrestall and Miss John of the "Filiae Matris" community, and was opened by the Bishop of Salford.

His Excellency gave an inspiring talk in which he said that this was the first strictly vocational exhibit ever held in England. He said that he was sure that Father Forrestall had received the idea from America and that, in the United States more was being done to foster religious vocations and to arouse interest in the works and lives of religious communities than was ever done before.

He also told the priests, Sisters and the parents very clearly and forcefully that each had an important duty towards fostering vocations by making children and young people aware of the beauty and privileges of the religious and missionary life as well as the sacrifices and self-abnegation which such a vocation entails.

The Exhibition was a great success. Our movie was shown over and over again. It seems as if, England's mission spirit, which until now has been dormant, is coming to life.

Sister M. Ursula




## ST. JOSEPH'S CORNER

**You'll have to put up with our pleading,**

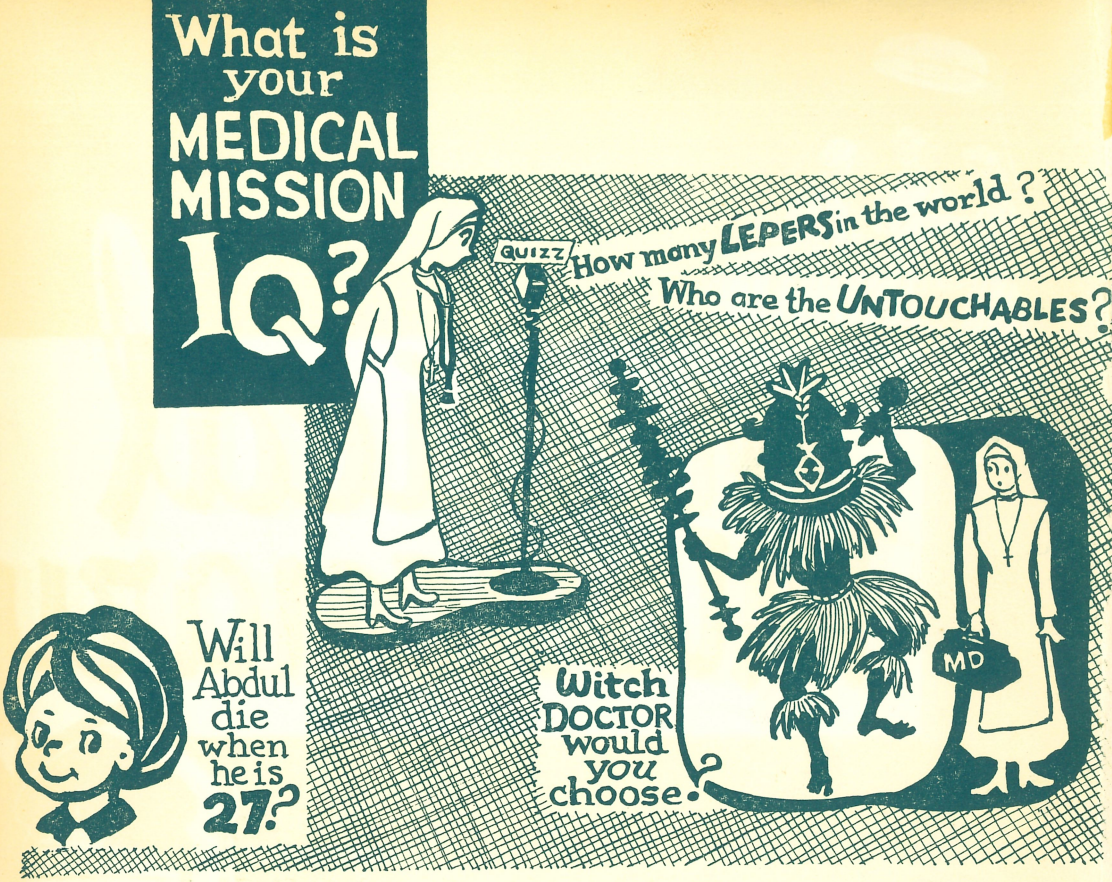
**Since our missions are needing and needing.**

**Fr' instance our MANDAR wants blankets,**

**KARACHI keeps begging for rice.**

**PATNA just asks for your "rupees."**

**And medicines for SIND WOULD BE NICE.**


What is your MEDICAL MISSION IQ?
QUIZZ
How many LEPERS in the world?
Who are the UNTOUCHABLES?
Will Abdul die when he is 27?
Witch DOCTOR would you choose?
MD

*ANSWERS—IN THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY MAGAZINE*

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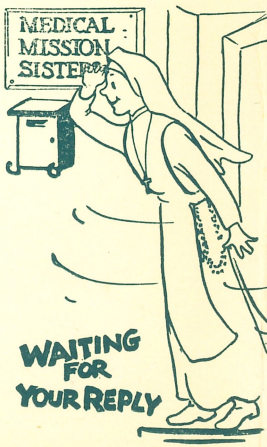
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